

study my books and help mamma, too," she said to her father, joyfully.

"It all comes from being a good girl," smiled Mr. Bennet. "I am more proud than you can think to know of your first earnings; and I am still more proud to know that your first fifty cents went into the mission box."—Baptist Boys and Girls.

#### NINE-YEAR-OLD TEDDY.

When nine-year-old Teddy displayed the shining new quarter which Mr. Ringloss had given him down at the corner store, mother very naturally asked if her little boy had said "Thank you" to father's friend.

No answer.

"Surely you thanked Mr. Ringloss," she persisted.

Still no answer. Trouble showed on the little face.

"Teddy, listen: You ought to have said, 'Thank you, sir.' Did you?"

No answer yet, and trouble threatened to produce showers.

"Come here, dear little son. Tell mamma, now. Did you thank Mr. Ringloss for the quarter?"

Then the storm broke, but between the sobs and tears came the required information: "I told him, 'Thank you,' an' he said not to mention it; an' I tried not to."—Christian Endeavor World.

#### ANIMAL SWIMMING.

Although all reptiles and most animals and insects are able to swim in varying degrees, few possess the swimming power of human beings. A man has

been known to swim thirty miles without a pause, and the only land animal who approaches this performance is the American black bear.

The American deer, however, will occasionally swim twelve or fourteen miles at a stretch. It is noteworthy that, whereas the hare is a proficient swimmer, the rabbit cannot swim at all. The common mouse and the field mouse can swim only a few yards, and often drown in the act, yet rats can swim splendidly. Lions and tigers swim well, although only from necessity, to cross a river, for example. The horse can swim for miles without becoming exhausted, and shows a wonderful instinct in choosing the best available landing place. Bears and moles swim well, but bats and monkeys are helpless in the water.—Exchange.

#### A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

Small boys are not always as sympathetic as their relatives wish, but, on the other hand, they are seldom as heartless as they sometimes appear.

"Why are you crying so, Tommy?" inquired one of the boy's aunts, who found her small nephew seated on the doorstep, lifting up his voice in loud wails.

"The b-baby fell d-downstairs!" blubbered Tommy. "Oh, that's too bad," said the aunt, stepping over him and opening the door. "I do hope the little dear wasn't much hurt!"

"S-she's only hurt a little!" wailed Tommy. "But Dorothy s-saw her fall, while I'd gone to the g-grocery! I never s-see anything!"—Youth's Companion.

## Our Wee Little Ones

#### MITE BOX.

Dear Presbyterian:

I am a little boy six years old. I go to Sunday-school and the missionary society. I have one brother and two sisters. I have a cat named Tom. I have 17 cents in my mite box. I hope you will publish this as I want to surprise papa.

Your little friend,  
Fred Bryant.

Duke, N. C.

#### A BIRTH-DAY PARTY.

Dear Presbyterian:

I thought I would write you a letter to tell you what my little brother Willie and I have been doing this summer.

Papa, mamma, Willie and I all went to Smithfield last week to see Aunt Hattie and Aunt Sallie May. We had such a good time. Aunt Sallie May has the nicest little pony I ever saw. Aunt Lee is going to give me a birthday party on the 5th of October, when I will be eight years old. I am going to invite twelve of my little friends and we expect a jolly good time playing games.

I want to be smart and finish my Catechism by Christmas, so I can have my name on the roll of honor. I am a little Presbyterian girl and go to Montpelier to Sunday-school.

Your little friend,  
Laurinburg, N. C. Mary E. Shaw.

#### SIX KEEPS.

Keep my little voice today—  
Keep it gentle while I play;  
Keep my hands from doing wrong,  
Keep my feet the whole day long;  
Keep me all, O Jesus, mild;  
Keep me ever thy dear child.

#### WHY CHILDREN SING.

Who shall sing if not the children?  
Did not Jesus die for them?  
May they not, with other jewels,  
Sparkle in his diadem?

Why to them were voices given—  
Birdlike voices, sweet and clear—  
Why, unless the songs of heaven  
They begin to practice here?

#### DO SOMETHING FOR EACH OTHER.

Do something for each other,  
Though small the help may be;  
There's comfort oft in little things,  
Far more than others see.

It wants a lovely spirit,  
Much more than strength, to prove  
How many things a child may do  
For others, by his love.

—Sunshine.

#### ONCE IN TWO YEARS.

Dear Presbyterian:

I am a little boy nine years old. I have only missed Sunday-school once in two years. I am vice-president of our missionary society. I am agent for a newspaper here and I put part of what I earn in my mite box. I hope you will publish my letter.

Yours friend,  
Duke, N. C. Yonnie Bryant.

#### "ON TIME FOR SEVEN YEARS."

Dear Presbyterian:

So many little girls write to you I think I will try too. I am only seven years old and quite a little girl. I love to go to Sunday-school and have two pretty Bibles for going every Sunday. Last February when I started to the "Kindergarten" I could not read but I soon learned and received a "Certificate" every month except the first. At the close of school I was given "First Honor Card." I love cat "Topsy" but I pet my dolls more than I do her. Brother has forty-one pigeons. I hope my letter will not be found in your "waste basket."

Your little Richmond friend,  
Jeannetta D. Bowman.

Higher than the perfect song  
For which love longeth,  
Is the tender fear of wrong  
That never wrongeth.